

The Tragedy of Hamlet

leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions;

King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon it as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With a sore distraction; what I have done

That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,

And when hee's not himselfe does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:

Who does it then? his madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madness is poore Hamlets enemy;

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow ore the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most

To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour

I have a voice and president of peace

To my name ungor'd: but all that time

I doe receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Give us the foiles:

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. He be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance:

Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night

Sticke fiery off indeed:

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Noby this hand.

Kin. Give them the foils young Osrick; cosin Hamlet,
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I have seen you both,

But since he is better we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavie, let me see another.

Ha. This likes me wel, these foils have all a length

Ostr. I my good Lord,

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their Ordinance fire;

The King shall drink to Hamlets better breath,

And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw

Richer than that which foure successive Kings

In Denmark's Crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,

The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,

The Cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.

Now the King drinke to Hamlet: come begin,

And you the Judges beare a warie eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine

Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while;

Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy browes:

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